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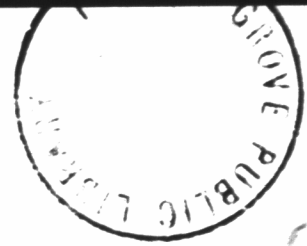
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PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

FRIENDS AND
FOES WOULD
BE SURPRISED
AT THE
PHENOMENAL
GROWTH OF
PACIFIC
WEEKLY

FEBRUARY 8, 1935



"DELETE CHRISTIAN"
AN AMAZING PROPOSAL BY A
CHRISTIAN MINISTER

JEAN WINTHROP TELLS
HOW SAN FRANCISCO LEAGUE
OF WOMEN VOTERS LEARNS
ABOUT FREE SPEECH

TRY OUR INTELLIGENCE TEST ON BACK
COVER OF THIS ISSUE

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VOL. II, NO. 6

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PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

VOLUME II

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1935

NUMBER 6

CONTENTS

Notes and Comments	61
Lincoln Steffens' Column	63
Verse, by Marion Sturges-Jones	63
Delete "Christian", Anonymous	64
Notes from a Boy's Life, by William Hogan	65
Freedom of Free Speech, by Jean Winthrop	67
"Twelve Good Men and True", by Harry Conover	68
The Theater, by Winthrop Rutledge	69
Music, by Sidney Robertson	70
Books, Dr. R. A. Kocher, Ella Winter	71
Verse, by Charles Erskine Scott Wood	72
Contributors	72

NOTES AND COMMENT

OUR YOUNG son reports that each morning in the Sunset School in Carmel they have "inspection of hands" and "pledging allegiance to the flag", and, he adds, with what we recognize as a twinkle in his eye, "when there isn't time for both they leave out the inspection of hands". And we were taught in our youth that it was cleanliness, not patriotism, that was next to godliness.

WE ARE prone continually to wonder what the Carpenter of Nazareth, that meek and lowly individual who is said to have had so much influence on the world since his time, would think of much that is done in and around his name today. For instance, it is reported by the Associated Press that "the ladies of the Flemington (N. J.) Methodist Church have taken in approximately \$2220 from the lunch they serve—an average of 125 lunches a day—"to the morbidly curious in attendance on the trial of a man charged with murdering a baby".

COMMUNIST *Daily Worker*, which William Randolph Hearst probably doesn't have delivered to him regularly, but should, contributes another bit of edification for the Fascist publisher the past week. This time, the *Daily Worker* desires to assist Mr. Hearst in his silly, but persistent habit of quoting great Americans of the past to prove what we should do, what we shouldn't do and what we should allow or disallow others to do.

The *Daily Worker* offers one Abraham Lincoln, whom Mr. Hearst would judge not too mean an authority on present day affairs, and suggests to the San Simeon ranch owner the following quotation from the first inaugural, delivered in Washington on March 4, 1861:

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government they can exercise their con-

stitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to overthrow it.

So, while Mr. Hearst is on a Monday spreading across his paper what George Washington said to Mr. Pinckney, he might, on a Tuesday, give us in the same 18-point italic type what Abraham Lincoln said to the people of the United States, no less, on the day he took office as their president.

Allen Griffin, who edits the *Monterey Peninsula Herald*, vigorously one day and jelly-fishily the next, also has a feeling for the words of our past and gone statesmen. He, on one of his jelly-fishy days, said this:

Nor is it a contribution to America so readily to discard the magic wisdom of Abraham Lincoln, that Mr. Bassett seems certain "cannot serve us".

The modern tricks of the economists that Barnum might say are "born every minute," the too dependable logic of Karl Marx, and the "inevitable class war" might be new to Abraham Lincoln and certainly cannot be found in the record of his addresses and writings; but it happens that he is part of the character, the homeliness, and the spirit of the American people—and the tricks and logic and class wars are not.

With the rest of the great figures that have formed the roots of America, Lincoln is part of the evolutionary process.

Mr. Lincoln appears to be "part of the spirit of the American people", all right, Mr. Griffin, but not the sort of American people you play golf with.

TO NO NATION, not even those directly concerned in the pact, is the fact that England and France have acceded to Germany's demand that she be permitted to re-arm, more important than to Soviet Russia. To her it is liable to be disastrously important. That England, as Scott Nearing has explained it, looks on the crushing of the Soviet as her Problem No. 1, is certain now. All her diplomatic moves of moment must be toward that end. This move is toward that end. It is necessary for England to have the united front of France and Italy in this drive, when it is expedient, against Russia. France would not, could not, offer her assistance with Germany still her enemy and at her back should she march toward the Russian border. As the price for her assistance Germany has demanded the legal right to re-arm and the scrapping of what France and England have repeatedly declared the most important provision of the Versailles treaty. That provision is now scrapped and German re-armament becomes legal under the approval of two of Europe's leading powers, and Italy, too, is known to favor modification of the Versailles treaty in this regard.

SO THE SET-UP is now virtually complete. The united front is virtually complete. Hitler, of course, has no love for waxing Communism, fatal to Fascism as it is, and by this new agreement on the part of France and England he wins both ways. He gets the right to re-arm Germany, a right he has not necessarily needed and which he has not actually waited for, but which makes his re-armament activities run the course

of least resistance; and he gets also a furtherance of his own ideas for the drive against Russia.

Now the nations on the western front are ready. Japan, on the eastern front, is more than ready; has long been straining at the leash. Soviet Russia stands today as the prey of the world powers with the exception of the United States which sentimentally is inclined to growl and would probably welcome an excuse for girding up its loins.

How ironic and pitiful it is that the next great war may be not to save the world for Democracy, but to save it for Fascism—to save it from a social-economic plan that contains the first real hope for mankind in many centuries.

E. A. FILENE'S IDEA

EDWARD A. FILENE, poetically called the Boston "merchant prince", and practically deserving the title, was in Carmel this week visiting his very close friend, Lincoln Steffens. Filene and Steffens disagree delightfully on almost everything except friendship. Filene believes in logic and sense, or believes he does; Steffens believes neither is of any avail today, or says he does. Filene believes that he has the solution for the depression. He told us about it in brief and the Commonwealth club about it in detail yesterday noon in San Francisco. It sounds fine. Steffens says it's bunk because you couldn't get the business men to do it. The fact that it can't be done, perhaps shouldn't damn a solution, or the genius of the man who conceives it, but in this practical world it appears to.

There may be doubt expressed as to the genius involved in a plan that depends on that somewhat frazzled bird, the Blue Eagle, but Filene's plan does just that. He sees prosperity in the NRA codes, or by way of them. He insists that in them lies salvation. He also says that what is wrong in them is "what we business men put there".

THEN HIS PLAN scintillates around the glowing, and glowing, word "wages".

"The big news is," he says, "that (by reason of the codes) for the first time in history, American business men can now act together, particularly upon this problem of wages; and we can enforce the decisions we make. All we need now is a better understanding of wages as the buying power of the only market which can be big enough to pull us out of this depression, and keep us out."

He goes on this way:

"With business under codes... we need have no misgivings. If every competitor is forced to pay the same higher code-wages that we must pay, we are left in relatively as good a position as before. But all will be competing in a larger market, a market made larger not merely by our contributions but by the raising of wages through the whole industry in which we are engaged. We may sell little more, to be sure, to our employees, but they will be buying much more from business generally; and because more goods are sold there will be more employment, more wages and a larger market for our goods."

"But that is only one phase of our new business opportunity under the codes..."

"Great as are the present wastes within the businesses which we business men individually control, our greatest wastes, after all, are in the structure of business itself over which heretofore there has been no control. The codes, fortunately, do not mean government control. They mean business control of the structure of business... Business could never do this heretofore, because it has no authority to stop practices which are ruinous to business; and it was always a case of government control or no control whatever...."

TO BE SURE, when we first started to make these codes which, under the New Deal, could not be made binding, we were so bewildered in many cases that we even tried to fix prices, and decreased man-buying-power at a time when the one thing needed was a great and organized increase.

"Every time we raise prices we thereby reduce wages; and even if we raise wages at the same time, we are not likely to repair the damage. For most of us have more customers than we have employees; and when we reduce wages, we merely cut the wages of our employees, whereas, when we raise prices, we cut the wages of all our customers. The only safe rule to follow, then, is for business to lower prices while it is raising wages. Prices are best lowered, however, by competition."

"How high we can make wages I do not know. The higher we can profitably make them, however, the more prosperous will business be; and with the economies which business can and will be forced to make, not merely in our separate factories and stores, but in the whole hitherto disorganized process of production and distribution, we know that we can bring wages to hitherto unknown heights, develop a mass market which has scarcely yet been touched and create such prosperity as business has never known before."

"This depression, then, is strictly up to us. We can get out of it at any moment we are ready to get out. To get out of it, however, and to stay out, we must organize, in our chambers of commerce and our trade associations, to solve this wage problem, not according to any ancient tradition of wages, but according to the facts of this new machine age."

SOUNDS GOOD, doesn't it? Sounds Fascist, too. Not intentionally so, because E. A. Filene is not intentionally a Fascist, a feudal lord; in fact, he is quite a decent human being with respect and consideration for his fellow-man. He has demonstrated that scores of times in the conduct of his business. When that business has succumbed to the capitalist urge, reduced wages and otherwise aligned itself with its less decent brothers, it has been over his protest and because he has been out-voted on the board of directors.

But the business of America is not made up of Filenes. Big business, as Lincoln Steffens says, and in which we heartily concur, is dumb, dumber than the Lord knows what. In this case, perhaps it is best that it is dumb, and Filene's scheme will fall on the dumbest of ears. Because with an iron-clad organization of "our chambers of commerce and our trade associations", God help us!

PACIFIC WEEKLY

A Western Journal of Fact and Opinion

Published every Friday at Carmel, California. P. O. Box 1300
Telephone, Carmel 14

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Ten cents a copy. Two dollars a year. One dollar for six months. Twenty-five cents for one month's trial. Canadian: Two dollars and twenty-five cents a year. Foreign: Two dollars and fifty cents

LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING--

THE BIG PAPERS show an interest in the prices J. P. Morgan is getting for the famous pictures he is selling out of his father's collection. They report that he has already got over a million dollars. That interests this little paper too but not nearly so much as that J. P. Morgan needs a million enough to sacrifice these precious things that his father enjoyed so to collect.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has written for the *New Statesman* in London a review or an essay on the famous interview H. G. Wells had with Joseph Stalin, the personification of the dictatorship of labor in Soviet Russia. He says that the trouble with the interview was that H. G. Wells did not listen to the answers to his questions. While Stalin was answering him, he was thinking up his next question. It sounds like that, too. You know how it is; we all do that sometimes but Wells has an excuse for it. He came to a conclusion about all the questions he asked Stalin and about all the questions we are asking one another all the time. Wells came to an end of his research years ago. He knows just how to fix it. Seeing the care with which Wells was preparing his questions for Stalin, the labor dictator took great pains in answering them. We didn't know what happened exactly after Wells reported the interview, but the Russians published in time their report. And apparently it was their report that G. B. S. had for the basis of his comments.

Reminds me of the time in France when I urged Wells to go himself again to Russia and stop guessing about it. He answered me that he had got to the point where he couldn't see and report facts any more.

WE OUGHT to have some test by which we can tell when a man dies. This waiting till the undertaker can carry men off and bury them is unscientific and misleading. I know this out of my own experience. I died soon after I came to Carmel and I have not been buried yet. In fact it's worse than that. There are lots of dead people walking around Carmel who don't know that we are dead.

A LABOR PARTY is being formed in this country to sop up all those many thousands of people who want to do something without going too far radically. The followers of Upton Sinclair and the Utopians are examples of what this new party seeks to collect and house. The reds and the labor unions know about this party and I feel that the capitalists also should have a chance to learn about, join or fight it.

NO WONDER the German courts couldn't prove that the Reichstag fire was started by the Communists. There's a high-up Fascist who explains that he and two other loyal followers of Hitler set it at Hitler's behest and for the sole purpose of blaming it on to these terrible Communists. This man is dead now. He was afraid he was going to be killed, as he saw others killed for the good of the party, so he sat down and wrote before witnesses his confession. He did it partly to blackmail his colleagues by telling them, when he saw they were going to kill him, that he had written a confession giving them and himself away. The plan didn't work exactly. He did not know long enough in advance when they were going to kill him. So he died before he could squeal. After his sudden death his confession was given out and published by the Paris Journal. It didn't make much difference. Our papers didn't

make much of the exposure. I read it in the *Communist Daily Worker*. I find lots of news, by the way, world news, in the *Daily Worker*.

WE AMERICANS are accused of inspiring and financing another revolution or revolt in old Mexico. That's an old charge. When I was reading up on the history of Mexico I made a generalization for my own guidance, to wit: there never was a revolt or a revolution big enough to incite the United States to intervention that wasn't traceable to American business.

OUR OLD PARTNER, Colonel Mack and his (now his) *Controversy* are doing well, we hear. It is immensely improved since we have had nothing to do with it. And yet I think I can claim in the Hearst spirit that we had a big influence in its improvement. It stands for Social Credit, you know, and I complained when we printed it that that philosophy was meant only for the intellectual satisfaction of the people who want to learn to think straight and to wish well to the world; they didn't propose any action. Colonel Mack, who is one of those dangerous men who, when they think something, they want also to do something about it, seemed to catch the idea; he went away and when he came back, confessed or bragged that he'd been out organizing his party. He was going with his party straight into politics.

MONTEREY, which is a town right near Carmel, is having some sort of a scandalous row about its schools. It has developed parties or factions or gangs which are fighting over the control of the teachers, pupils and buildings. This is something new to me. I have never known of such a fight where there wasn't some graft back of it and as an old muck-raker, I do not know and cannot imagine any graft in schools, except the famous old text book graft of the publishers. I am willing to be enlightened and I think I know that there are many taxpayers and citizens who would like to be let in on the foundation of this mystery. "We" would like to make a suggestion to our Monterey tabloid, the *Herald*, that they tell us all about this. They know all about it; you can see that by the gingerly, dainty, tactful way in which Mr. Griffin handles it. It is his style and policy to be gentle and patient with all things, including human nature, and usually this gentlemanly manner is all right. In this case, however, the perfect gentlemen won't do. He is getting the fish stink settled that way, but this school stink seems to require force if not violence.

THE HOUSEWIFE WRITES A VALENTINE

DARLING, be my Valentine—
(Write the milkman's cheque and sign)
Now I send to you my love—
(Curse that radio above!)
Swear I love you by yon moon—
(Parent-Teachers' meeting soon)
You're my lodestar, you're my saint—
(Lunchtime's here and butcher ain't)
Cherish I your slightest word—
(Yes, dear, yes, dear, Mother heard!)
Take from me this red, red rose—
(Roger, will you blow your nose?)

To say that you're my joy and pride
God's my witness I have tried!

—MARION STURGES-JONES

DELETE "CHRISTIAN"

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The scholarship and standing of this article's author are known to us, and to a wide circle throughout the nation. His name is withheld at the present so that his argument may be evaluated and discussed on its own merits, without reference to personal friendship or institutional considerations. He has given us permission to disclose his identity if correspondence leads to an extended discussion of the suggestion which he makes.)

I HAVE called myself a "Christian" from the days of my childhood. I am a clergyman in good standing in a Christian church. Last week there was published a book of which I am the author, and which has the word "Christian" once in its title and innumerable times in its text. And the thesis of the present paper is that the word "Christian", having lost whatever usefulness it may once have had, should be dropped from our vocabularies for all purposes other than those of historical convenience.

My reasons are three: first, that it is etymologically meaningless; second, that it is historically objectionable; third, that—partly because of reason no. 2 and partly from other causes—it is religiously divisive. The evidence and argument follow.

ETYMOLOGICALLY MEANINGLESS

"CHRISTIAN" appears, so far as we know, first as the plural noun *Christianoi*, "Christians", in the account of the Antiochene church in the Book of Acts. It is derived from *Christos*, a Greek word meaning "the anointed", and used in the Septuagint version of the Scriptures to represent the Hebrew "Messiah"—which, of course, had the same significance. It occurs rarely in the New Testament, but came into common usage in the post-apostolic Church.

It is by no accident that we find it first employed, to designate the followers of Jesus of Nazareth, in a city thoroughly Hellenistic. To the Semitic mind it can have meant nothing but "Messianist", and so would have been quite pointless as identifying the peculiar Jewish minority which found its Messiah in Jesus. But the Greeks, once having rendered "Messiah" by *Christos*, promptly forgot the original force of the word, and proceeded to use "Christ" as a personal name. Naturally enough an adjective derived from that name came to be applied to the followers of its bearer.

Even in Semitic circles the identification of Jesus as the Messiah occasions no little difficulty. It must be noted, at the outset, that Messianism was in no sense a fundamental doctrine of first-century Judaism. It appears only occasionally in the Old Testament, and with no greater relative frequency in the total bulk of the apocryphal and pseudepigraphical literature. When and where accepted, its specific application varied greatly. The unknown prophet of the exile, the so-called "second Isaiah", found his Messiah in Cyrus of Persia. Some twenty years later Zerubbabel was the popular choice as the "anointed of the Lord". Certain of the second-century Psalms seem to have been calculated to ascribe Messianic dignity to Judas Maccabaeus. The populace of Galilee, at the time of Jesus' boyhood, hailed as Messiah another Judas, known as the Gaulonite. Among the "Messianists" of Jewish history, the adherents of Jesus were a small and insignificant group. It follows that to point them out as "the Christians", the Messianists *par excellence*, was, to anyone acquainted with Jewish thought, an inaccuracy of the first order.

Nor is it by any means demonstrable that the title "Messianist" really belonged to the "Christians" at all. If there was validity in either of the two dominant Messianic concepts of the time—the military programme of the Zealots and the cataclysmic dream of the apocalyptists—there was absolutely nothing Messianic about the Galilean teacher. Whether or not Jesus even regarded himself as the Messiah is a moot point of modern New Testament scholarship: I think he did—but the only Messianic prophecy which his life fulfilled was the peaceful and non-spectacular one which speaks of the King as "lowly, and riding upon an ass". The contra-natural "second coming" of the millennialists, the "Kaiser Jesus" of Dr. Haldeman's famous prediction, are desperate attempts to accommodate him to the militaristic and apocalyptic concepts of the first century—to provide for his performance of functions which he seems totally to have neglected in his historic ministry.

The Messianism of Palestinian Judaism was necessarily nationalistic. All that orthodox Hellenistic Christianity kept of it was the name. The "Messiah" belonged to the background of Jewish history; "Christ" was interpreted to the Greek world in categories which had meaning for the Greek mind—chief among them "son of God", "savior" and *logos*. The use of *Christos* as a personal name carried with it—and carries for us today—no realization of its original force. In fine, then, so far as this somewhat academic phase of the matter is concerned, the situation is this:

- (1) Since *Christos* rightly means "Messiah", "Christian" should signify "Messianist"; which, properly speaking, it never did.
- (2) The designation as applied to the followers of Jesus is not sufficiently exclusive: they were by no means the only "Messianists" of their day.
- (3) Neither is it satisfactorily inclusive: it is debatable whether Christianity was ever truly Messianic from the Jewish point of view, and it is certain that it was not so for its Greek constituency.
- (4) Thus, etymologically, the use of the word "Christian" is the expression of an opinion about Jesus; an opinion which is of uncertain accuracy as tested by Jewish standards, and which is without genuine meaning when brought into the sphere of Hellenistic thought. It is quite as thoroughly meaningless for us; in view of the special objections to it which are now to be mentioned, I suggest its elimination.

HISTORICALLY OBJECTIONABLE

THIS SECOND phase of the argument, having been presented "at sundry times and in divers manners" in recent years, can here be stated in summary fashion. The relationship of historic Christianity to the teachings and spirit of its reputed Founder is often most difficult to discern. The first "Christian Emperor", Constantine, an unprincipled politician, a merciless foe, a murderer of his own kin, illy bears comparison with the poetic, impractical pagan whom we know as "Julian the Apostate". The "Christianization" of Western Europe followed upon, and in large part was achieved by, the taking of the sword by Clovis. Russia was called a "Christian" nation because Cyril and Methodius promised to Vladimir not religious and moral, but military and political advantages superior to those offered by the ambassadors of Muslim orthodoxy and of Arian heresy.

It took no Harold Lamb to tell the honest historian that the "Christian" crusaders were not noticeably more gentle, more

just or more generous than the "infidel" possessors of the Sepulchre. The striking lack of sanctity of the "Holy Roman Empire" was apparent before Viscount Bryce delivered his famous mot. The political machinations, the mutual slaughters, the social injustices, of the so-called "Christian nations" have long been recognized by their more thoughtful citizens, and have become a by-word among non-Christian peoples.

Specifically, what is there about the word "Christian" to attract the Jews, persecuted these nineteen centuries because one of their number was opposed by others, and was consigned to execution by a Roman governor in their ancient land? What is there to charm the peoples of Asia and Africa, who have seen their territory grasped and their peoples enslaved by white men capable of combining the cross and the sword into a single emblem? What is there to hold the allegiance of our own working classes—and of those who would work if only our system would let them do so—when "Christianity" and our economic order have served each other at the expense of helpless persons subjected to the tyranny of both?

"Christianity", as seen within the pages of history and as thought of by the majority of the world's people today, stands at the other pole from Jesus. Is a historic tradition sufficient reason for the continuing use of the term by those who think that Jesus' own way still may have meaning for the world?

RELIGIOUSLY DIVISIVE

AS WAS SAID at the outset, this part of the argument is closely related to that which preceded it. Rightly or wrongly, the word "Christian" is hated or despised by the majority of the world's population. There is scant hope, therefore, that "Christianity" will ever be acceptable as the name for a religion of world-wide scope and universal meaning. Is there, after all, any final reason why it should be the name?

Not etymologically: we have seen that the definition was forgotten almost as soon as the word was coined. Not historically: that which we have called "Christian" has been, in general, the antithesis of a religion of justice, of good will, of brotherhood. The only possible ground remaining to be defended is that of loyalty to the central figure of Jesus, who is more commonly spoken of as "Christ".

Leaving aside the quibble as to whether, in that loyalty, it would not be more accurate to universalize the term "Jesuit", or to adopt the Near Eastern usage of "Nazarene", we may raise the question as to whether the mind of Jesus himself would have responded favorably to such a contention. In the first place, he never heard the word "Christian"; and when, at Caesarea Philippi, Peter called him "the Christ", the record portrays him as enjoining absolute silence on the point.

Much more vital than this, however, is his fundamental attitude toward all life. Traditions as such seem not to have interested him in the least: he followed them when they were convenient, and calmly set them aside when he regarded them as objectionable. Nominal loyalties had for him no sort of significance: the "Q" source, almost certainly our most authentic, quotes him as saying, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven"; and he pointedly refused to stop the activities of a neighboring healer who was not of the apostolic fellowship. Origins were to his mind wholly unimportant as compared to destinations: he dealt in exactly the same spirit with publican and Pharisee, with the alien woman of Syro-Phoenicia and the orthodox Jew Nathanael. Personal allegiance to himself he regarded not as a goal, but merely as a means toward the a-

chievement of the abundant life.

The true following of Jesus, then, lies not in attaching his name to an institution, but in recreating his spirit in human relationships. The followers of Confucius see no reason to abandon their sage—nor would Jesus have quarreled with them; had he known the Analects as he did the Hebrew Scriptures, he would indubitably have used them much in the same way. The adherents of Mohammed, fortified by the Koran's direct attack upon "Christianity" as misrepresented by the prophet and by "Christians" alike, afford barren soil for "Christian" missions of conversion; it is less certain that they would forever resist a cooperative effort to find, for East and West together, the best that inheres in the lives and teachings of the two Semitic seers. The Jews, hating "Christianity" for what it has done to them, still have the way open to heed one of their own people who was the consummation of their own prophetic movement.

If there is to be a world religion, it can scarcely bear—if for no reasons other than the purely psychological—the name of any one of the divisive groups of history. In point of fact, there is no special necessity that it should bear a name at all. The only sort of religion with which we are concerned is an interpretation of life which will clarify our thinking, guide our emotions, and stimulate our conduct. To the gaining of these ends "Christianity", even with all its historic failures, has much to contribute. The question I raise is whether, in view of the facts as they are, it will not contribute best by ceasing to concern itself with its own identity, and by "giving up itself freely for us all".

We are not Messianists. We are not adherents of the historic iniquities and stupidities which have been called "Christianity". We are not consecrated to religious competition. May it be that, by reducing our emphasis upon the name of "Christian", we shall draw closer to the spirit of him whom another age, using the vocabulary of its own time, designated as "the Christ"?

NOTES FROM A BOY'S LIFE

BY WILLIAM HOGAN

GOODBYE, I say. Goodbye again, I say. Goodbye to California... the old eucalyptus swinging and winter green grass and an autumn in the hills... brick old halls, grey granite halls out of which trickles the reflection of yellow lights like those over there now blinking through a slanting afternoon rain. Goodbye again to California and the gurgling creek, the green oak glade, the shiny wet streets and the tall gaunt hills... and the fields above the hills, the pine groves, the long spinning cow paths, the arroyos and vistas of the bay in the morning. California it is, and goodbye... to the trees and the sunlight, the blue and black dawn, the lice and the maggots which crawl in and out of the buildings while I look down on them from the ruddy brown hillside. And goodbye to the centers of youth, jingling, singing, haunting so loudly... of youth of which I have never been a part.

One becomes almost poetic when he glances down upon his University for, perhaps, the last time. I am abandoning you, my friend; I am leaving you this winter afternoon while the fog and the smoke and rain and darkness are hidden in the

mist. It is December again. Dear old December. And the grass is green. Never do I remember the new grass sprouting up so fine this far from Springtime. Goodbye, young grass which I cannot see! And eucalyptus and seagulls, goodbye once again.

Rain dripping lightly about my face. I do not mind. It is refreshing this afternoon, the rain. It is cold, yet good, as the earth is good. It is damp and wet and grimy but there is a forgotten breath of sweetness in winter. Goodbye to winter. Goodbye again . . .

I remember that her tanks were pumped full and she was low in the water. It was the last time I had been to sea; the time I swore to the gods that never again would I put a foot on a dirty freight boat. No more, I cursed! No more, no more! She seemed submerged compared with the freighters. She was, then, loaded full; not another drop of stuff could they squeeze into her. The night was hot, dull, murky, and a heat haze hung over the horizons. No one on deck had a strip of clothing on above the waist. The natives on the oil dock were naked but for straps between their legs. Heat on the horizon is a bad sign . . . and there was a strong wind circling over Port of Spain.

Her tanks were full and she squirmed into the deep night. And she rose and fell on the oily sea. She pointed her nose east-north-east and climbed and descended in the Mexican Gulf. And before long the rising and falling became jerky and the decks became awash and tall spray lashed the bridge. A hot wind flowed toward the Gulf and carried with it the sweet scent of the tropics. Low on the horizon to the west was a long black line. One could almost distinguish the fringe of banana palms. The ship was loaded to her marks and shuddered in her course.

She hadn't been squirming for five minutes before the winds smashed the waves across us and a man slid overboard as he attempted to climb forward from the after fo'cas'le to the midships house. He was skimming the monkey walk which runs above the low decks, usually hidden beneath green water in the Gulf.

The sky was as blue as a jewel and the tropical stars loomed as brightly as moons. The heavy winds swept across the Gulf and spun the waters into a crazy pattern of black and phosphorus. And at that moment I vowed to the gods that I would abandon the fo'cas'le . . . I would be a real fellow after all, as they had told me to be before I had leaped off laughing at their strange senses of proportion. I would leave the sea and live once again amongst my fellows.

"Hello," says Biff.

"Hello," I reply.

He goes on with his work and I stroll over to the high window and look out on the rainstorm. There is a monkey tree below his window. It writhes frantically in the wind. Blindly, slanting rain. I shake the wet out of my shoe.

"Well, I got it," I say.

For a moment Biff looks up from his notes.

"What did you get?"

"The job. I'm a wiper."

"Jesus!" he says.

"Yeah."

"That's a hell of a job," he says.

"I know," I say.

"Good ship?"

"Sulphur. Out of the Gulf."

"Then you're definitely gettin' out?" he asks.

"Tomorrow. What else?"

The rain keeps pounding on the roof, the tin gutters on the sides of the house tinkle; the water spouts are gurgling and the wind wheezes in the trees outside, through the wires, too.

"There isn't a thing around here I can do; you know that, don't you?"

"Too damn bad," he says.

"I'll pay you that seven bucks when I get paid off some place. I hocked the last of those books this afternoon to get me some dungarees."

"It's okay," says Biff.

"I thought I was through with the sea for good."

"It'll blow over," says Biff.

"Why must everyone be afraid of a poor man?" I ask.

"Do you want to get drunk?" asks Biff.

"What on?" I ask.

"Whiskey."

"Sure."

He fills two glasses high with seventy-five-cents-a-quart whiskey. He sits down far across the room. It's the first time we've had a drink since my twentieth birthday a couple of weeks ago. It's pretty lousy whiskey.

"We'll drink to California," says Biff.

"Yeah," I say.

We sit alone, silent in the semi-darkness listening to the wind whine and the rain coughing against the casements. The raw whiskey spits through my insides and warms me up a little. It's good to be warmed up on an occasion like this, I think.

"Do your folks know?" asks Biff.

"About shipping out? Hell, no!"

"Where are they now?"

"Mother's in Oregon living with her sister. My old man's trying to do some work with some sort of a pickle cannery, I think, near Watsonville."

"Jesus," says Biff.

"Yeah," I say, sensing a strange mental sickness rising up within me.

We drink again and again.

"What's the name of the ship?" asks Biff.

"The Point Wildflower," I say.

"That's a hell of a name for a freight boat," he says.

"Sulphur," I remind him.

We drink to the name of the ship. And the rain keeps beating through the dismal afternoon.

"You're leaving school for good?" asks Biff.

"I guess so," I answer.

"Damnable . . ."

"Two years, you know," I say.

"Two years," he repeats. "You've stuck it out well."

"Not well enough," I say.

"You should be an educated man by now," he laughs.

I say nothing and look toward the storm. He fills the glasses again. He fills them high.

"What shall we drink to this time?" he asks.

"Ah, the hell with it," I say.

It is pretty lousy whiskey.

My sea bag will seem heavier than usual. It will be new again, carrying a sea bag through the dock streets. And my boots will clomp along the pavements and will sound like the iron shoes of a dray horse in the quays. Thick December weather . . . dank, clammy, ugly. A dribbling mist it will be, a mist which will sometimes become a slight drizzle, cold and dark. The street lights will be glowing in the late afternoon when I walk to my berth. They will be barely distinguishable in the afternoon fog. Drays ambling across wet pavements; they will bobble and rattle across the cobble stones. And I shall see no one except an occasional dock wallop sprinting for the shelter of a wharf house. The sky will be leaden and low. The air will be sour with the unclean odors of waterfront. Perhaps a tug in the harbor will chant contin-

ually and a pair of fog horns on far away dock points will cough across the basin at one another in a dreary effort to warn the boats in the stream.

Good old Biff. He knows what's good for a depressed collegian. My head hurts and spins about me, the wet seems good in my face. The Campanile chimes five times through the afternoon as I stroll slowly down the paths and through the eucalyptus groves. The tops of the trees are lost in a low-hanging fog. I have never seen them like that.

A line of chiffon trees waving slightly. The buildings loom-

ing up grey and misty. I shall always remember the University like this. There are yellow lights glaring from some of the windows. A cold wind rustling. Yes . . . goodbye again. It has been so lovely at times, so hard at times, so strange. And to sea once more where, perhaps, I shall be always.

It is the grog in my head and self-contempt in my heart which revolve and spin into me a sort of long pain. Somehow I have never felt that before. And I watch the paths, the shrubs, the creek, the mud, the rainpools in the gardens. Goodbye again, I sing. Goodbye . . . goodbye, again.

THE FREEDOM OF FREE SPEECH

BY JEAN WINTHROP

NOW THE LADIES in the dress circle are finding out what "free speech" (laughter from the galleries) is in San Francisco.

Up in the second gallery, people have known about it for long time.

The Newspaper Guild in San Francisco learned about it when they tried to publicize the firing of three men from the Oakland Tribune for Guild activities. The Guild also found out about the "freedom of the air" (boos, catcalls) when radio station operators refused to permit Guild members to buy time and tell the facts of the Guild case.

Now the polite, conservative, respectable San Francisco Center of the California League of Women Voters has bumped its head into the mailed fist of Fascism by attempting to present John Strachey, British Communist, in a lecture.

First the veterans, defenders of democracy, cancelled the Center's contract for Mr. Strachey's lecture at the Veterans' Auditorium, Feb. 20. Then all other available halls were made unavailable.

Finally a deposit was put down on Eagles' Hall and everything looked rosily pink for Mr. Strachey's rosily reddish remarks. And then the building superintendent found out that Mr. Strachey is a Communist.

"I didn't know the Center was a Communistic group," was his immediate reaction. "I thought they were all reputable ladies. Six thousand Eagles own this hall, and they're all Americans and they all protect American institutions."

"Where there's Communists, there's Mexicans and Negroes and Filipinos. I can't rent this hall to that kind of a group."

It was impossible for this conservative and respectable group to convince the Eagles of its conservatism and respectability—so the Center regretted to announce it would be unable to present Mr. Strachey.

UNKIND GOSSIPS gave out the information that when the Center originally contracted for Mr. Strachey's lecture and its consequent \$500 fee, certain of the ladies confused John Strachey with his distinguished relative, the late Lytton Strachey, author of charming and socially-safe biographies.

When the Center subsequently took a plebiscite of its membership on whether or not to go through with the contract (this was before the auditorium complications came up) it was reported that the confusion of Stracheys was what precipitated the plebiscite.

The author of "The Menace of Fascism" and "The Coming Struggle for Power" won out by 32 votes.

It was also learned from the building superintendent at Eagles' Hall that the ladies could have rented that auditorium if they would guarantee that Mr. Strachey would say nothing "bordering on Communism".

But, conservative as they are, the ladies of the Center real-

ized the difficulties of forcing a promise from the British spokesman for Communism to keep silent on his favorite topic. Or from any Communist, for that matter.

Mr. Strachey will be presented in Berkeley by another organization which is discreetly not publicizing the event ahead of time.

BUT THOSE of the Center who were sufficiently liberal to have read "The Menace of Fascism" have discovered that menace sitting on their front doorsteps in San Francisco.

They have heard the report that the San Francisco Industrial Association and Chamber of Commerce had much to do with keeping the doors of auditoriums shut against Mr. Strachey.

These women—the more liberal of them—have spoken of Fascism, of "free speech", of their rights—but for the first time they have in their own experience a concrete example of what their own rights amount to in the face of the growing tide of anti-red, yes, and anti-parlor-pink, terror.

It is likely that this noble gesture in the name of protecting American institutions—this suppression of the right of the Center to present a lecturer with whom most of them don't agree—will have a far more agitating effect on the ladies' politics, than anything Mr. Strachey, in a tuxedo and an English accent, might have had to say.

MEANWHILE the San Francisco Newspaper Guild, strengthened by the publishers' opposition to it, welded together into a tighter, steadier organization by its fight against the Oakland Tribune for the firing of Guild men for Guild organization, is plodding away at the less spectacular job of building itself.

Its present work isn't so dramatic as the concentrated fight against the Tribune—that fight is continuing in a quiet manner, through Guild speakers at labor groups. But its present work is harder.

Last week the San Francisco Guild put out a mimeographed paper called *The Pacific Reporter*, a sort of western edition of the Guild's national paper, edited in New York, called *The Reporter*. This mimeographed bulletin will appear twice a month, it is planned, until arrangements can be made to have it a regularly printed newspaper in tabloid form.

On Sunday night, Jan. 27, the Guild held a benefit dinner dance at the Bal Tabarin, netting the Guild approximately \$200.

Incidentally—just to show the kind of relationships which certain publishers insist upon maintaining, in spite of the Guild's willingness to cooperate with publishers, a notice appeared on the *Call Bulletin's* bulletin board, before the Guild benefit, forbidding staff members, at the risk of their jobs, to sell tickets.



"TWELVE GOOD MEN AND TRUE"

BY HARRY CONOVER

DRAMA CRITICS are neglecting as fine a piece of satire as stage lovers in California have been privileged to witness this season. It is being produced at the Court House in Sacramento, a choice of setting in line with modern realistic backgrounds. What more appropriate place to put on this satire on justice than a court-room itself? It is effective; one feels as if he were attending a real trial.

The effect is partly accomplished by the excellent cast. In particular, a word of praise is due the man who plays the part of District Attorney, for his complete absorption in his stage activity. When the defendants charge that he has placed stool pigeons in their cells to obtain information about their opinions of the venire-men, you regard him as you did the villain in Christopher Morley's revivals at Hoboken. And to the males who play the roles of his Deputy Assistants: heavy-set, large, aggressive—as one would imagine lawyers to be. One of them provides a good laugh when he says (as seventeen people are on trial and, if convicted, to receive the equivalent of a life sentence): "I don't care whether we win or lose this case; we're having a swell time!" The humor of the seventeen defendants is more sardonic. They are members and organizers for an agricultural workers' union which is said to have increased wages by a few cents an hour and to have asked for a larger relief pittance—on this score they are being tried for "plotting the overthrow of the government by violence". Only the theatre can exaggerate situations to such degree.

Although they are only amateurs, these seventeen keep their composure and really show promise. Each day they manage to look more pallid as they charge in the court that they need medical attention but that the prison doctor is rarely sober and to look more helpless as the judge tells them to write him a note about it the next time it happens. Amusing, when they tell how the cans of vegetables they bought at the prison store were seized one day as "revolutionary weapons" and sold back to them the next; when they claim that in California, where oranges are rotting on the trees, they are not allowed to receive the fruit friends send to their cells. I think that if sufficient support were given, they might even step into the professional ranks—just as pressure brought \$11,500 a year to the actors prosecuting.

Although the play drags at times, there is a certain rhythmic pattern throughout. "Do you believe in the enforcement of this law?" a prospective jury man is asked. "Yes." "You're right for the jury. Have you ever read anything on Russia?" "No." "You're right for the jury. Have you ever read anything about this case?" "No." "Have you ever talked about it or thought about it?" "No." "You're right for the jury. Have you read the law?" "Yes." "You're out; prejudiced."

Some lines in the play convey its tenor excellently. The scene is the jury selection. Two bailiffs escort to the stand a woman for whom the *New Yorker* is not written. In real life, you would as soon ask her to decide the fate of seventeen people on technical points of law and social philosophy as to explain the differential calculus. She raises her right hand and testifies that, never having heard or read the Criminal Syndicalist law, she "believes in it"—as you would expect her to believe in the Holy Ghost. Defense Attorney examines: "Do you have any relatives in the public service?" "Well, yes; my son is a policeman." "Are you dependent upon your son for support?" "Why, no." "Do you work?" "Yes."

"What is your profession?" "I am a nurse." "When did you last have a case?" "Three years ago." "Where do you live?" "On my son's ranch." "Would the fact that, serving on a jury which might acquit these indicted people, you would be jeopardizing your son's position influence your decision?" "Why, no." "Would you accept the testimony of a policeman in preference to that of a civilian?" "Why, surely." The judge interrupts. "Now, madam, I am sure that you did not understand the last question. What is meant is—if I were to instruct you to treat impartially the words of a police officer and those of anyone else, you would not discriminate, would you?" She beams, "Why no, judge." She goes on the jury.

Then there is the grey-haired little man who has the right answer for all the questions. They ask him if there is any reason he feels he might not be qualified to serve. "No," he says, "only one slight thing—I am rather hard of hearing."

"Can you hear me?" asks the judge.

"Yes, sir."

"Can you hear me?" asks the Prosecuting Attorney.

"Yes, sir."

"Can you hear me?" asks the Defense Attorney.

"No, sir."

Another old character, who receives a pension from the State, denies that the possible loss of it, in consequence of serving on a jury which might acquit, would hamper his decision. Morosely he says, "Fifteen dollars isn't so much." And when you stop to think about it, it isn't. He does not get on the jury.

Those who read the papers usually know what communism is in one sentence, but these jury-men in this play have never heard of it, they are not prejudiced against it. Here is a young man who regularly reads the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Liberty*, but never saw a line on Russia. Here is a college woman (right out of Mr. Hearst's "hot-bed") who never talked about it. The author has chosen a rich group of characters. He might, however, add a few lines without injuring the frolic. The District Attorney might say "Have you ever heard of Russia?" "Have you ever heard?" "Have you ever?" "Have you?"

It is not without its elements of irony. Both the District Attorney and the Attorney for the Defense are allowed to refuse seating to an equally limited number of prospective jurors but, for the latter, this privilege is about equal to that of selecting white balls out of a hat that has been filled with black ones. There is not a trades union member nor a worker on the list but wealthy farmers, gasoline station owners, retired real-estate dealers, housewives, haberdashers. Challenges for the defense are exhausted before nine of the jury have been chosen. Twelve people, remnants of a decadent and moribund world, prepared to pass judgment upon seventeen whose sufferings and struggles and ideals they have never experienced nor understood.

There is one aspect of the play that I have not quite understood. Seven of the jury-men are supposed to be members of the American Legion, the Elks, the Eagles, or the Masons. These organizations have declared themselves in favor of Enforcement of the Law, against all forms of Communism and radicalism, against certain labor organizations. Yet the playwright has these men (and the women members of the Auxiliaries) deny that they are prejudiced against the defendants, deny that they would be angered if it should be brought out

in the course of the trial that the defendants believe that all wars were fought for the maintenance of economic privileges and the gain of a few. Do the producers (e. g., the Associated Farmers) know this? Do they know that these un-American instances of disloyalty to the fraternal order, of insubordination to fraternal leaders are included? And do they approve?

The second act opens with the trial in process. The "star" witnesses read recondite passages from Marx, from Engels, from Lenin, on the decay of bourgeois civilization, on the science and technique of revolution, on the "mobilization" of labor. The prosecutor asks: "But does the jury know the meaning of these words—'bourgeoisie', 'proletariat', etc.?" Several jurors shake their heads.

"For instance, do any of you not know the meaning of U. S. S. R.?" Five jurors raise their hands.

"If there's any other word you don't understand—any of you jury members—be sure and ask us." One woman tentatively raises her hand.

"Yes?" asks the prosecution.

"What does 'et cetera' mean?" she asks.

It has been running for five months in Sacramento and will continue for a brief period longer. It is expected that, if the play is a success, performances will shortly be repeated throughout the State, with only some slight change in principals, due to the retirement for fifty-six years of the seventeen.

There is no admission fee. Every tax-payer contributes to the support of this moving drama.

THE THEATER

ANTICS, ANIMALS AND ANARCHY

BY WINTHROP RUTLEGE

CLAUDETTE COLBERT and a screen newcomer named Fred MacMurray disport themselves precociously in "The Gilded Lily" (Warfield), which has the advantage that there is nothing in its subject matter to embarrass the Hollywood film makers or excite the censors who stand looking over their shoulders.

Like "It Happened One Night" (in lesser measure, of course) it starts off at a gay pitch which it manages to retain throughout. Seldom does it commit the error of becoming either serious or probable. It recounts the adventures of a girl stenographer who is courted dizzily and jilted as abruptly by a visiting British nobleman.

A newspaper reporter friend conceives the brilliant idea and reports in elaborate fashion that she was the jilter and the titled alien the jilted, whereupon she becomes famous as the "No" girl and is swamped by offers from vaudeville, radio, etc. With her reporter as her manager she conquers America and in the Imperial fashion of the day invades England for a return match with her former nemesis.

Of course, it is the doggedly loyal newsman who finally wins her, just as you knew he would. This is not so important as the fact that the film keeps its pleasantly antic mood and that Miss Colbert (always her best in comedy) and MacMur-

ray are so well chosen for its sprightly leading roles. Hollywood seems to hit its best stride in pictures of this sort.

THE LATEST film of the Martin Johnsons, "Baboon", (Paramount) is unusual because with the aid of the airplane the Johnsons were able to reveal Africa in a new character. It is not, as you always thought, full of malarial swamps and dank jungles, but it also has snowy mountain peaks and trout streams startlingly like those in our own Sierras. The usual varieties of fauna are exhibited and the most amusing scene is the exodus of a baboon tribe when a hungry leopard invades its precincts. The Johnsons must have a great time globe-trotting and they are able to communicate much of their fun to their film audiences. I suspect that they find the beasts of veldt and jungle more congenial than the denizens of the throat-cutting civilized world.

IN "THE GIRL of the Golden West", the Messrs. Shobe and Bell apparently have found a worthy successor to "The Drunkard" for the Palace Hotel music hall. The old Belasco meller, supercharged with hokum from overture to final curtain, makes a splendid side dish for pretzels and beer, and the Shobe-Bell innovations, added during the opening week, have found such audience response that the show seems destined to rival the engagement of its predecessor.

The big attraction is still the aftershow, in which members of the audience are given droll musical instruments and urged to accompany the band on the stage. Neely Edwards again is the master of ceremonies, and a good one. And Marie du Val is there to show the youngsters how an old trouper can beguile an audience with ditty and caper. No visitor to San Francisco will want to miss the fracas at the Palace.

AS A POSTSCRIPT to Ella Winter's splendid review of "Merrily We Roll Along" I'd like to mention a thought which has been with me since seeing the Hart-Kaufman play at the Curran. As you remember, it begins in 1935, tracing the career of a successful writer of hokey plays back to the days when he believed in something and had a failure produced at the Provincetown playhouse. The thought I had was that the devastation in the play all occurs between the years of 1922 and 1929—the period of America's wave of spurious prosperity. That was one of the worst periods, spiritually, America ever went through. I saw it in action. I saw many men of integrity, I. W. W.'s, anarchists, artists, writers, poets—yes, even preachers—succumb to the chance of making quick and easy dough by suddenly turning cynical about all the things they had believed in—and playing the game.

And the odd part of it is that you couldn't blame them so much. The messiah of the intelligentsia at that time was H. L. Mencken, who railed at American boobery and pointed out to the wise ones that the thing to do was to put one's tongue in the corner of one's mouth and gull the yokels, who would be terribly disappointed if they weren't gulled. Of course, the depression jerked many of them (if they hadn't become too prosperous) back to sanity, but a terrific amount of damage had been done. That, to me, was the most significant thing about "Merrily We Roll Along"—that it pointed out the terrors of prosperity. I'm afraid I like the depression better. True, it does develop the stool-pigeon breed, but it also is turning out a fine race of clear-eyed rebels who are not going to stand for any more half-way business. They constitute a handsome menace to society as it now is—a beautiful, relentless 100 per cent American menace that nothing will be able to stop once it gets rolling.

MUSIC

EDITED BY
SIDNEY ROBERTSON

JOSEF HOFMANN

COMMENTS ON HOFMANN's recent concert breed the suspicion that perhaps only men of the calibre of Rachmaninoff and Bauer are qualified really to appreciate Hofmann's performance. It is so rare to find a creative artist in whom intellect and feeling are fused to supply a monumental sort of energy which is far greater than its components that we cry out uneasily for a more familiar, more personal, less cosmic expression. Hofmann demands almost too much of his audience, for we have lost the ability to recognize greatness, swamped as we are with sensational mediocrities. The young lady who disposed of this program as 'kid stuff' ought to be made to listen, every day for a week, to Percy Grainger swooning over each note of a melody and careening about platforms. The ardent lady in the foyer who exclaimed: "He makes you want to say to him: 'Bring forth men-children only!'" was at least responsive to the spirit of what Hofmann was trying to do. Of course, no one has to like Hofmann's playing who doesn't want to but it is never to be dismissed lightly. How can anyone fail to recognize his mastery of the piano and the heroic scale of his conception of music? Perhaps 45 years at the keyboard is what it takes to do so really adequate a job. Hofmann's command of the instrument is without parallel today, to be compared only with the legends of von Bülow, Liszt and Rubinstein. His playing has always been the last word in virtuosity, in the way that Heifetz' fiddling is; but lately it seems to speak with a greater voice. He sometimes loses the goodwill of the romantics among his listeners because he doesn't wallow sensuously in Chopin's melody; but they should remember that that sort of thing can after all be heard on any street corner.

Even the most vehement critic of his program was moved to remark that it doesn't matter what Hofmann plays, he does it better than anybody else. This statement might fairly be qualified by pointing out that the bigger the composition the more one is impressed by his playing of it. He appeared rather more in his element playing the Bach-Liszt prelude and fugue which opened the concert, and in the Chopin fantasy and the Scriabine sonata, all compositions which give rein to his peerless gift for musical architectonics. This year's program didn't quite allow him the scope that the late Beethoven sonatas and the big Brahms works do.

Hofmann is famous for including in his program all the old war horses of his generation of virtuosi; but vehicles for the grand manner aren't being written today and more fashionable music would fail to give him the range he needs. His interest in rhythmic subtleties, his extraordinary tonal palette and his refusal to luxuriate in melody mark him as thoroughly 'modern'. Perhaps such impersonal presentation of beauty and such devotion to the matter in hand are a trifle old-fashioned. An artist nowadays is expected to be a neurotic and when he isn't most folk are at a loss. There are still a number of people, however, who earnestly wish Hofmann a long, long life.

—S. R.

WHY STRAVINSKY? is the title of a recent review in a Berlin paper which begins thus: "When Erich Kleiber Philharmonic Orchestra presents as serious musical art this racially

alien music by a noisy clown to whom Jewish circles are devoted, one is obliged to express astonishment at the circumscribed world-vision of a State Kapellmeister supposed to be answerable to the people, who have the right to expect him not to misuse his official position." Kleiber had just given the *Sacre du Printemps* at a Philharmonic concert. ment at the circumscribed world-vision of a State Kapellmeister concert.

When one considers Stravinsky's place in the forefront of the modern battalion of composers, it is startling to reflect that the *Sacre*, only recently become at all familiar in this country, was composed in 1913. *Petrouchka* dates from 1902. *Oedipus Rex*, which Olin Downes considers not only Stravinsky's greatest work but the most important in the development of music since *Pelleas et Melisande*, was first given in 1927.

When Stravinsky and Dushkin give their program of Stravinsky's works (San Francisco, Feb. 13; Palo Alto, Feb. 14; Carmel, Feb. 16) the compositions to be heard will for the most part be much more recent ones, among them Stravinsky's violin concerto. Any faint-hearted ones who feel that though they survived Mary Garden and an entire evening of Debussy, a whole evening of Stravinsky might be stretching matters rather far, should be comforted to know that this program comes well recommended. Reviews in the south and on the east coast indicate hearty approval of the efforts of Messrs. Stravinsky and Dushkin.

THE International Exhibition in Paris in 1937 presents a priceless opportunity for recognition of American music and its presentation abroad. Perhaps the government's increased consciousness of the fine arts in this country will lead in this direction, to the furtherance of Franco-American artistic relations.

HENRY COWELL is bringing T. Tamada, a ceremonial Buddhist player on the shakuhoshi, who almost never appears in public, to the Denny-Watrous Gallery in Carmel tonight. When Buddhist priests play on this instrument, which was played in China 2600 years before Christ, and when it is used by those connected with the temple for meditation and prayer, the words of the ancient prayers are actually spoken into it. It is one of the most difficult to play of any in the world, since it requires several years of study before a sound can be made on it by a pupil.

RUMORS have been going around for some time about the discovery of a Debussy symphony in Russia. Recently the find was printed there and it proves to be a work which may really be Debussy. If so, it is a very early work, such as one would expect of the lad of sixteen that he was when he made his much-disputed trip to Russia. Only the two-piano score exists, in manuscript, and it is this that has been published. It was discovered by a Russian mathematician bound with other symphonic scores in a second-hand volume.

INTELLIGENCE TEST ANSWERS

Nos. 1, 9 and 10. *Wrong.*

Nos. 2 and 3. *Wrong.*

No. 4. *Wrong.*

Nos. 5, 6 and 7. *Wrong.*

No. 8. *Wrong.*

How did you do?

BOOKS

THE BRAIN AS AN ORGAN: Its Postmortem Study and Interpretation. By *Frederic and Florence Wertham*. (Johns Hopkins) Published by Macmillan Co. \$7.50.

(Reviewed by Dr. R. A. Kocher)

BY WHAT original observation Man ascribed to the heart the seat of the emotion called love has been lost in the haze of tradition; but it is somewhat more apparent that through some accidental clout on the head he was able to designate the brain as the seat of the mind. Man has ever since found pleasure in speculating on the mechanism by which the process of so-called thinking takes place. These speculations have undergone frequent revision. We no longer consider the pineal body the seat of the soul. The Phrenologists with their theory of bumps have also had their day. Remember those pretty diagrams showing a nice little bump for each and every quality and talent; as the bump of ambition, bump of intuition, music, determination, memory, combativeness, etc.? All that is out. Even the size of the brain is no measure of intellect; the garbage man, a politician, or even a banker may have a larger brain than a Newton or an Einstein. It seems that it is quality that counts. Just what is this qualitative difference between the brain of the great intellect and that of the mediocrity? What does the compound microscope show? If the reader is looking for these answers or hopes to learn wherein the brain of a democrat differs from that of a republican; a mystic from a scientist; a radical from a conservative, he may be disappointed in this book. I have gone all through this two pound book and the answer is not there; or, rather there is this answer: there is no discernible difference with our most modern equipment, between the "normal brain" and the brain of the moron, or even of the psychopathic. In the words of the authors, "the microscope is not the magic key which will open the door to the understanding of the psychoses".

This is a book on the anatomy, gross and microscopic, of the normal and pathologic brain. It has little to say about function. Psychologists deal with that. The authors' thesis, indicated by the title, "The Brain as an Organ", is intended to convey the idea of regarding the brain in perspective, in relation to other bodily organs as a whole in contrast to the prevailing tendency to view it as an isolated structure. If one does a postmortem of a case of nephritis, he does not confine his examination to the kidneys alone; he studies the changes in all the bodily organs and correlates the findings. So must we, say these authors, study the brain anatomy with relation to all bodily structures and functions both normal and pathological. The term, "constitutional inadequacy" implies disturbance in bodily function which may affect personality and mental processes, but the seat of the trouble is not in the brain. Thus the authors suggest a fresh approach in emphasizing the study of the brain as an organ.

MY FIRST thought in picking up this book was, "I wonder what recent improvements have been made in the technique for the study of the finer brain structure". Some twenty years ago I published a paper on "The Effect of Fatigue on the Structure of Nerve Cells". This study was based on numerous experiments with animals, sparrows, pigeons, (after natural all-day flight), rats, exhausted from running in treadmill or swimming, etc.; with resting animals for controls. Previously published reports had described a variety of changes in ganglion, motor and brain cells purporting to result from

physical fatigue.

In my experiments I found all the peculiarities described by other researchers, but I also found all of them in the cells of the resting control animals. Only by a statistical count and elaborate measurements was I able to conclude definitely that there was no qualitative or quantitative difference in the nerve cells of resting and fatigued animals. That conclusion still stands. I ended with this observation: "Nerve cells under the microscope bear little resemblance to the same cells in life or in the untreated state at the time of death. The methods now available for the preparation of these cells for the microscopic study of finer structure, are too crude and artificial. When we view these cells so treated, under the microscope, we are looking for the most part at artefacts. The five stages of treatment, i. e. fixation, imbedding, sectioning, removal of imbedding material, and staining are responsible for a variety of artificial alterations in structure and appearance. This artificial treatment is at the root of much of the confusion in the interpretation of finer alterations in cell structure and until more refined methods are introduced will act as a deterrent to further understanding of cellular function and structure." So, after twenty years, engaged in other fields, I come to this latest summary of existing knowledge on the subject of brain anatomy and what do I find? Essentially the same technical methods, and essentially the same impasse. In these twenty years, as far as I have been able to determine from this book, the knowledge of the histopathology of the brain has been extended very little. The authors are quite aware of the difficulty. Hence their effort to view the brain as an organ in relation to other bodily organs and functions. To my mind, the need for an improved technique is still apparent.

THE CHAPTER on Schizophrenia (*dementia praecox*) is particularly enlightening. Their review of the mass of literature purporting to show anatomical changes in the brain in this condition, parallels my own experience with the literature on "fatigue of nerve cells". The authors explode all claims to show qualitative changes in the brain, not also demonstrable in the normal or other brain conditions. They conclude, "there seems to be no valid indication that this (schizophrenia) should be considered an organic brain disease". In other words, no anatomical facts to justify such a conclusion.

This book is a comprehensive summary of our present knowledge of the subject, and a monumental work. The authors carried on minute and painstaking research at American, German and English clinics, including two years at the Psychiatric Research Clinic at Munich, and much original work is here reported for the first time. It is a scholarly piece of work, comprehensive and exhaustive, with references to authorities in many countries. It should serve as the standard for students in this field for many years to come, and medical journals are predicting that it will. There are 160 plates which are works of art in themselves and which give a fine picture of the gross and microscopic anatomy of brain-cells and tissue in health and disease. These plates alone make the book valuable and interesting. There are a complete bibliography and index. The subject matter is clearly and concisely written. It is a matter for regret that laymen are not more trained to read and understand medical books for there is a great deal in this one that could influence their ideas of the human mind.

AFTER THE ELECTIONS: WHAT NEXT? (Western Worker Publishers, 37 Grove Street, San Francisco) 2¢

(Reviewed by Ella Winter)

EVERY NOW and again, and frequently where the average man might least expect to find it, we come upon an intellectual gem that shines out in the mass of "intellectual" talk

and writing put out daily and weekly in this country. Such an one is this little pamphlet, in very ordinary dress, put out by the Communist Party as a "Message to Followers of Epic and the Utopians". It is written by one individual who knows history, who has studied the American scene, and who can evaluate trends in modern politics with a shrewd insight rarely met. Professors of American universities, experts in political science, and members of banking houses and industrial corporations could learn much from it.

First the booklet runs over the facts of the last election in California, and evaluates the forces arrayed for and against Sinclair. The rising tide of protest against the cruel and violent (and undemocratic) raids against workers' halls and club-rooms, pianos and typewriters had to be stemmed: otherwise the legal Communist Party of California would have polled too many votes for the reactionaries to feel comfortable. What to do? An ordinary straight Democrat could not have turned this tide; stronger meat was needed. So the Democrats went to Upton Sinclair, an old Socialist, and asked him to take the job—to act as bulwark.

He did. At no time did Sinclair wish or try to hide the fact that his interest was, like that of the capitalists, the defeat of communism, of a possible soviet state. He urged his EPIC plan—"otherwise there will be revolution", "else there will be communism". When the powers in charge felt that they had saved the State from communism, then they turned on Sinclair with an unparalleled campaign of lies and hysterical propaganda. They didn't need him any more. The protest of the workers had been turned into safe channels.

They turned and rent Sinclair. And the confused and naive workers and liberals did not know what had occurred.

SECOND COMING

TWELVE WHITE men in the jury box.
Twelve white men and not one brown.
Open your sky, Lord, and look down.
Not a chance. Not a chance.
Open your sky, Lord, and look down.
Nine brown boys in the prisoner's dock,
Open your sky, Lord, and look down.
Nine boys jailed by bar and lock—
Nine boys brown.
Not a chance. Not a chance.
Open your sky, Lord, and look down.
One white judge on the judgment seat;
One white judge and all complete.
Not a chance. Not a chance.
Open your sky Lord, and look down.
Nine brown boys lift their hands on high
And cry with a lost child's piteous cry
"Not a chance. Not a chance."
"Lord, God help us or we die."
"Open your sky, Lord, and come down."
A blinding light fills the awful place:
Jesus walks as on Galilee.
Heaven lies on his pitying face,
The Glory, the Power and the Majesty.
He lifts His arms in the blinding light
And lo the brown boys all are white.
Gentle as Love His arms fall down:
The men in the jury box now are brown.
He shows His nail-pierced palms and feet
And sits Him down in the judgment seat.

—CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

Women and men, boys and even children, stood with tears streaming down their faces when Sinclair's defeat had become apparent. They had believed he was their leader "out of the wilderness".

Simply, sincerely, with irrefutable logic and the scalpel of Marxian analysis, this pamphlet shows how the betrayal worked. The EPIC plan would not have fundamentally altered the causes of our economic troubles today; at its best it merely offered to "take the unemployed off the backs of the taxpayers". It tells of the quarter million agricultural workers whose conditions have been improved in California, not through demagogic promises or false leaders, but by struggle and strikes. It shows that no employer will improve workers' conditions from above, out of the "kindness" of his "heart".

It quotes the workers' song:

"No condescending saviors
From a judgment hall
We cannot ask for favors
We must plan and do it all."

What is to be done now? Shall the workers and liberals continue following Sinclair? What has the Socialist Party to offer? What does the Communist Party stand for? How can the EPIC workers and the Utopians attain what they need? These questions are dealt with succinctly, clearly, so that one finishes the pamphlet with a feeling he has gained a new key to the understanding of the social forces around us, a new lease on the possibility of making a better world, new insight into the world history that California is making. Even if you decide to be a fascist vigilante, an understanding of the forces you are dealing with is essential. And that the Marxians will give you in this pamphlet—for two cents.

CONTRIBUTORS THIS WEEK

JEAN WINTHROP is a San Francisco newspaper woman.

WILLIAM HOGAN is a University of California student.

MARION STURGES-JONES is a contributor of verse and prose to national magazines.

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD is author of the play, "Heavenly Discourse", and a retired San Francisco attorney.

DR. R. A. KOCHER was a research scholar in Munich, at the Johns Hopkins Medical School, Baltimore, and at Hooper Foundation, San Francisco. He is a former director of the Grace Deere Velie Metabolic Clinic, now the Peninsula Community Hospital at Carmel.

For all the other scaul-crows set upon her, and pecked her to death there and then, before Tom could come to help her; and then yew away, very proud of what they had done.

Now, was not this a scandalous transaction?

But they are true republicans, these hoodies, who do every one just what he likes, and makes other people do so, too; so that, for any freedom of speech, thought, or action which is allowed among them, they might as well be American citizens of the new school. —Charles Kingsley, THE WATER-BABIES

**"TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS IN
A NEWS ROOM",**

BY W. K. BASSETT,

**A NEWSPAPERMAN'S
STORY, WILL START IN
PACIFIC WEEKLY
NEXT WEEK**

BOOKS

The Seven Arts

Seven Arts Building

Carmel

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VISITING FIREMAN
Inspects Carmel's Shops

PRINTED LINENS, hand-rolled edges and the finest of hand-scalloping are highlights in a handkerchief sale going on right now at THE EUSTACE LINEN SHOP, Dolores Street.

Three for 50 cents, gals, is your price. Husbands, brothers and suitors can get regular \$2 handkerchiefs for that blue serge breast-pocket for 75 cents apiece.

And such sheerness, such narrowness of rolled hem, such gay prints as both ladies and gents are offered!

NAVAJO silver at THE AZTEC STUDIO SHOP always seems to us made by Laughing Boy, Navajo hero of Oliver LaFarge's Pulitzer prize-winning novel, who "made silver run like a song". These wide, flat bracelets whose turquoises have soft highlights and shadows must have been fashioned, you feel, by Laughing Boy for his Slim Girl, whom he adored in life and who in death left him only her memory and the wish to make his silver even better. Some of his designs, you are sure, must be here.

EAST MEETS West at DER-LING COMPANY'S, Dolores St., where a great copper bowl from China holds a shining company of lacquered gourds, mostly apple green. A spectacular centerpiece, this, for anybody's mahogany and old lace.

The man is nice about the gourds. He will let you hold one to your ear and rattle its seeds around, just as you used to do with Grandmother's eggshaped gourd she darned your small socks over. Faded lemon-yellow hers was with a look of long, hard service. It was only "poor relation" to these glittering hussies who are in Sassy city now and who toil not, neither do they spin.

The bowl seems made of many overlapping petals, poppy-fashion, and at its heart is choicest Chinese chasing in lovely etched lines. Its cost is far less than the Big, Crool City would charge you.

Also at DER-LLNG'S are Chinese silks that are wholly pure, some of them dyed to special colorings inspired by reds, for instance, grown mellow and faded with the years. Embroideries here, done in the days of the Empress Dowager, are the more treasured now because one of the advantages to women of the New Republic is that labor is paid for at fair rates. No more of these five million stitches lovingly done for royalty in return for one's board and keep.

YOU DON'T have to be a mermaid to know your fish-scales. Even Lady Landlubbers like us can recognize in the silver fish-scale evening bags at the newly-opened IRENE-LUCIEN shop that they've got what it takes. They were chosen by Mrs. Olga Fish, well-known to Carmel and now an active participant in the Shop, where she spends a part of each day seeing that the gadgets behave themselves. There are gold-scale bags for evening, and in scarlet or white patent leather there are envelope bags for street use.

But most dazzling of all to eyes jaundiced from days of typewriting is a wide rhinestone bracelet guaranteed to turn the drabest day-drudge into a scintillating Cinderella by lamplight. Add to this a pair of Mrs. Fish's rhinestone ear-rings, and the flabbergasted Prince Charming won't know whether he stands upon his feet or his head.

Gowns are being offered by Helen Vye and Edith Smythe at considerate prices, while Marie Blanchard continues to create her own hat modes. Reminiscent note; Feather pompons, those old-time beau-catchers, are in again. Doesn't that get from you a recollecting sigh?

SKIM MILK puts on airs occasionally, but violets masquerading as cream is a new one. At ETTA STACKPOLE'S there they were, five of them, each pertly looking up with a twinkle in its purple eye from a blue glass cream pitcher, Tom Thumb size. That's California for you—flowers tucked in anywhere at all, no apology made or expected.

The little pitcher with its violets was just a gem-like bit from the really lively collection of Mexican glass of deep gentian-blue now being shown at ETTA STACKPOLE'S. A tall-necked wine decanter beams down upon its gleaming family of six wineglasses, a good-looking crew. "Old-fashioned cocktails" will lend Dutch courage to him who drinks them gratefully at five from one of the generous glasses so labeled. Blue bowls to shed tears over if broken by a careless hand sit up on skilfully blown bases and beg to hold yellow primroses.

Here's an Intelligence Test.

How many of these 10 statements are wrong?

1. William Randolph Hearst is the hope of America.
2. Neil McAllister is one of Nature's noblemen.
3. Governor Frank Merriam is a friend to Labor.
4. California is a democratic commonwealth.
5. There is a Santa Claus.
6. The American Legion believes in free speech.
7. Fascism is not possible in America.
8. Hollywood is independent of Capitalist influence.
9. The radio is open to all.
10. PACIFIC WEEKLY is a reactionary magazine.



See answers on Page 70.

If you are 10 per cent incorrect, send in the following coupon:

PACIFIC WEEKLY,
Box 1300, Carmel, California.

I missed on No.

Guess I need your magazine for six months.

I enclose one dollar.

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